

THE
Johnson Journal



April, 1935

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

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Table of Contents

Staff	1
Literary	2
Chatter	3
Athletics	9
Exchanges	10
Alumni Notes	10
Jokes	11



LITERARY



EDITORIAL

"Why complete the high school course?" is a question widely discussed. One of the main purposes of a high school education is to provide instructive matters to think about and instruction in the right way of thinking problems through to the end. It should broaden the student's mind on topics which concern the welfare of society. His interests should be aroused along lines which go to make up a more intelligent and interested public.

Of course it is entirely up to the individual student how much he will get out of high school. If he has made the most of his opportunity he will appreciate many things which merely bore an uneducated person. All in all he will be interested and interesting. There will be little leisure time that he will not be able to use for his own benefit and indirectly for the benefit of society.

On the other hand high school does actually train one along practical lines which go toward making a living. There is a plan in this school wherein commercial students may have actual experience in office work. This is highly beneficial in more than one way. In the first place it gives them first-hand knowledge and experience. In the second place they get a recommendation which is exceedingly helpful when school days are finished. One has nothing to lose and everything to gain by completing the high school course.

Phyllis Culpon '35

WHAT IS A TRUE SPORT?

Undoubtedly all of you have read stories or articles about "good sports." Many stories extol the person who enters a game or a tournament, fights against terrific odds, and if he loses, (such is not usually the case) he smiles and says, "Well, better luck next time," and with a carefree smile pats his opponent on the back, and poses for pictures, shaking hands with the one who has defeated him.

Articles usually stress the motto, "A good winner and a good loser." They make a very heroic tale out of an ordinary occurrence, if the hero happens to be a favorite in the public eye. How many times have you heard a famous tennis or golf star characterized as a "real sport" because he doesn't complain when he is beaten?

On the other hand, put yourself in the place of a famous—well, let us say golf star. You have just played a hard game; you have put your heart and soul into it; you have lost. You would like another "crack" at that fellow; you know you could beat him any day if you were in form. But—the eyes of a great crowd are upon you! You know what they expect. So you walk up to the victor with a smile, congratulate him and say, "The better man won." This is not what you think; you are called a "good sport," but you know you're not.

You are thinking that the phrase "good sport" has become tiresome and monotonous, are you not? The regular use of it is tiresome to me,

for to me its real meaning represents standards far different.

For example, look at the people about you in life. How many do you know who are always grumbling and complaining about some trivial matter? Many, no doubt! Now look for the people who have had real hardships and sorrows, but who hold out cheerfully, making the best of everything, and going through life bravely. They are very few, but don't you admire them far more than these front-page heroes?

When you can go into the game of life, get all banged up, lose, and still not complain, then you can be proud, and call yourself a true sport.

Mary Greenler '36

BALLOONS

We are at the circus and before us is a man inflating toy balloons. We watch with interest the tiny rubber sacks change into large and handsome balls. But there are no two exactly alike and we think it strange that starting out alike as they do they should end so differently.

A partly filled balloon is in little danger of breaking but can never be as beautiful as one which is filled to dangerous proportions. A balloon must risk the danger of breaking if it is to attain its greatest size. So it is that we see balloons of many sizes, the larger ones more beautiful but more delicate. One will go almost to the breaking point and stop, a success. Another will reach the top but go too far, and burst. Perhaps another grand large one will be punctured by a pin. Rather tragic to have success destroyed by another's fault. Yet we remember the burst balloon as glorious, while

no such memory remains of one which grows to glory and then because of a leak fizzles and crumples to end as it began.

So are men like balloons in their struggle to reach the top. Perhaps you can classify some of the balloons you know, and while doing so think, "What kind of a balloon would I make?"

John Kane '38

JOHNSON SPIRIT

Johnson High School announces that there will be no baseball this year! This means that no team will represent the school which has been foremost in athletics in the Lowell Suburban League. Johnson has two members of its faculty as officers in this league; namely, Mr. Hayes, our principal, and Mr. Mitchell, our coach.

Our school needs baseball more than is apparent. Students attending school during the spring need some form of diversion after school hours to offset the dreary summer days. All students with no exception find the spring session an ordeal. The spring spirit seeks out all students and gives them that lazy feeling which makes the grades of every pupil go into a slump. If the students have means of diverting their minds from the daily routine of school, it tends to lighten their spirits. The answer is a baseball team. The pupils either watch, play or are filled with justifiable pride when they hear of their team triumphing over a worthy opponent. Even if their team loses, they still have the satisfaction of knowing that their team lost in a sportsmanlike way, for which Johnson teams are noted. This spirit lessens the burden of study as the students are

looking forward to the spectacle of seeing their team battle to win or lose against a rival school.

School spirit should demand that a team represent them in baseball. Let's show our school spirit by giving the Athletic Association play a hundred percent support. The result will be a return of baseball to Johnson High School.

Henry Camire '35

"KELLY'S GRAND FINALE"

1913:

Kelly pounded his bat viciously upon the plate; he clenched his teeth and glared savagely at the lanky pitcher who was standing at parade rest regarding him with a lazy grin spread over angular features. It was the last inning of a closely contested game, with the score two to one in favor of the Dodgers, whose star pitcher now faced this raw recruit. The winning runs were on second and third; there were two out and two strikes on Kelly.

Kelly had come up from the minors with a reputation for heavy hitting; twenty homers last year, his first in pro ball, and though this season was only a month old he had slammed out four home runs. There had been a mad scramble by most of the big league clubs to add this amazing rookie to their rosters, with the Cubs emerging the victor. Now in the role of pinch hitter he was getting his first chance to prove that the majors would make little difference in his batting average which had been well over the 400 mark when he left the minors.

The pitcher eased himself into position; tied himself into a knot; came out of it and let the ball go in a lazy floater towards the catcher

crouched behind the plate. It never reached that caged gentleman. Instead, driven by Kelly's mighty cudgel, it went high, wide, and handsome over the distant center field fence... Kelly had come; Kelly had seen; Kelly had conquered.

His rise was meteoric. In the years preceding the war he led his league in batting; records fell before his assault like dead leaves before a gale. Early in the season of 1916 he left the ball fields to seek new honors on the war torn battle fields of France. For three years baseball struggled on without him. The season of 1919 saw his return as a member of the Athletics, starting in where he had left off. His fame spread as thousands of men, women, and children visited the ball parks to see this mighty man. The popularity of baseball had soared to new heights. The coming of the lively ball saw the birth of sluggers, but it was the mighty Kelly who drove out the most homers; drove in the most runs. He was the highest paid man in baseball, advertised as the man who drew a higher salary than the President of the nation.

Gradually age overtook him. He had passed his fortieth milestone. That is not old, not in the real sense of the word, but many a ball player has been called "old" before that hated adjective has been used in connection with his father.

1933:

Kelly started his last season physically unfit; his legs were somewhat stiff; his eyes, once the envy of every ball player, were just a little dim. It was with difficulty that he kept the pace set by his younger teammates, a pace that brought the team the title of "American League Champs." Kelly saw very little ac-

tion, usually just an inning a game to give the fans their money's worth. His old club, the Chicago Cubs, won the National League title and both teams withdrew for a short breathing space before locking horns in that late summer classic, "The World Series."

The first two games were held in Chicago, both resulting in easy victories for the Cubs. The scene shifted to Philadelphia where, with familiar surroundings, the A's took three in a row to put them out in front. The teams returned to Chicago, the scene of Kelly's inauguration, and in an extra inning encounter the Cubs made another game necessary in order to crown the "World Champs."

It was the last half of the thirteenth inning in the last game of the world series. There had been no score and two were out when Kelly was sent in to bat. Kelly pounded the plate viciously; his teeth were clenched and his eyes glared savagely at the lanky pitcher who was chewing industriously on a wad of tobacco, or maybe it was gum, as he ground the ball into his hip. Kelly's eyes gleamed defiance but his lips formed a silent prayer. Not a sound came from the multitude; its fifty thousand eyes were on Kelly; most of the multitude hoped that old Kelly, the one and only, would come through.

The Chicago pitcher wound up slowly, deliberately; his left leg came up and went down in unison with his right arm, and the ball sailed, a tantalizing floater towards the batter. The crack of wood meeting horsehide could be heard distinctly throughout the large enclosure as the occupants of a section of the center field bleachers fought for

possession of the ball, and Kelly trotted happily around the bases—his prayer answered.

Frank McEvoy '35

ANGEL FROM NEXT DOOR

Clothed in blue from curls to shoe,
Brown eyes brightly shining,
Tiny Joan trots into view,
And straight toward me comes flying.

"Hide me quick," cry angel lips,
"Hide me from my mother.
I played ball with her new watch
And Dad can't buy another."

Alison Pitkin '35

THE MR. HYDE OF MY OWN NATURE

Behind my calm, serene face and demure manner I conceal my Mr. Hyde. He is a person I do not allow anyone to see and he only shows himself in the privacy of my own room. Oh yes, it is hard to control him. Sometimes when talking to a person whom I especially dislike, I'd delight in giving him free rein just to see what would happen. Perhaps all human beings have two sides to their natures. One is kind, considerate, and tolerant, and the other jealous, mean, and impatient. This side is kept a deep, dark secret by those who have more self-control than others.

I have usually a very even temper but when I meet face to face on the street, the girl who borrowed a dime from me two months ago, and she smiles pleasantly as if it were I who had borrowed the money, it is almost too much for me to bear. Again when Mother wakes me up Saturday mornings at eight o'clock I find it better to remain silent to her calls than to venture a word. When

the shoe clerk persistently tries to shove my feet into size five shoes and I just as persistently ask him for a size somewhat larger I have to keep that imp of Mr. Hyde from popping out. Maybe the clerk is trying to spare my feelings by bringing in a ladylike shoe. Mr. Hyde shows himself again in the theatre and at his worst. On one side of me sits a candy-chewing, giggling female, and on the other a deaf and slightly dumb male. In back of me is a sniffing youngster who must sing all the theme songs with the leading actress and in front there sits a stout lady who is continually bobbing her head. Taking all in all, I find that Mr. Hyde is most sorely taxed here.

My family often see my worst side too. How is it that to those to whom we owe so much we sometimes show the least consideration? Mother gets curt answers to her questions and Dad gets reprimanded for using "ain't." Brother, aged six, receives a fierce scowl for tucking his napkin in his collar in the presence of company. The cat often gets kicked for getting tangled in my feet. Whose fault that is I don't know. However, Mr. Hyde takes advantage of the situation to show himself. The only trouble with this fellow is that he sometimes shows up at the wrong time. While visiting a fond aunt one summer he got aggravated and she discovered her niece had a side to her character she had never suspected. The happiest day of my life and the most profitable one for me will be the day when Mr. Hyde suddenly tires of life and gives up the vain struggle for existence.

Rita Rand '36

THE CIRCUS CLOWN UNMASKS

Laughter filled the air as the clown went through his comical stunts, assisted by Rags, his dog. At the end of his act men threw their hats into the arena, hysterical women laughed and cried, chubby children cried for more. Cheering echoed loudly throughout the place as though the thunder God were also adding his approval.

The clown bowed gratefully to the applauding throng, left, right, everywhere. Picking up Rags, his Scotch terrier, he smiled at his audience and waved his hand. Then the crowd moved on. Some went to view the fat lady or the snake charmer; others drifted to the bearded lady and the fire eater; many were attracted to the magician who was busy pulling rabbits out of a high silk hat.

Left alone in the deserted arena the happy clown became a changed man. His smile faded, his shoulders stooped, his head met his chest. Slowly, like an old man, he traced his way to his tent. Rags, his faithful dog, tagged along at his heels as if he knew what it was all about. The clown staggered into his tent and sank on a box which took the place of a chair. He put his head on his hands and remained in that position for an hour. Only when Rags snuggled his nose against his hand did the clown look up. Tears had streaked his make-up. "Good old Rags," he muttered thickly, patting the faithful dog on the head. Then he removed his make-up. The dingy little mirror on the wall revealed the once handsome face of the clown. His face was marred with lines. Worry and sorrow had done their duty.

He reached into his pocket and

brought out a scrap of paper. He smoothed it out reverently. Yes, the paper explained his pitiful condition. In black print it read, "Woman and child killed, victims of a hit-and-run driver."

There are many people like the clown in this world today; outwardly happy, helping people to forget their sorrows and sufferings, laughing and joking as though they hadn't a worry in the world, but underneath this disguise they are broken-hearted, trying to forget their own sorrows. We should be thankful that we have such people living in this world today.

M. Frances Burns '36

FAIRY HUNTING

It is a nice bright January day, after a great snowstorm. The snow is piled up everywhere. There happens to be a great big pile of snow at the bottom of the post that holds the bright red alarm box. The box had just been painted a few days before the storm and the snow had shined it up. So now the red box, on the black post, buried in snow is a very pleasing picture. It is just an ideal setting for an adventure.

Down the street comes a little boy with a roly-poly little sister at his side. These two children are Jimmy, four years old, and his wee sister Edith, two years old. Jimmy has a brown and orange snow suit, a brown cap, and brown mittens. He is carrying a snow shovel as big as himself. Edith has a pink chin-chilla jacket, leggings, and hat to match. The children have spied the little red house; the fire alarm box does look like a little house, on top of the snow pile. Now let's see what will happen to these two happy wanderers.

Jimmy has climbed up the drift and is investigating the fire-alarm box. "Me up too. Please, Jimmy," begs the little girl.

"Here, catch hold then," directs Jimmy, reaching for the little hand extended to him.

"That's the little house that the fairies live in. Mamma said that they are asleep for the winter," replies wise Jimmy.

"Me wants ta see 'em," declared the inquisitive little miss, peering through the little glass. "Bubbles, me see 'em."

"You have to break the little glass and then turn that handle. But don't do it, cause if you do you'll awake the fairies," answered the big brother. "Look out for the shobel! Oh-h-h you've broken the glass."

"Now I can see the fairies, the fairies, now I can see the fairies," sang Edith.

"Well, it is broken, so I guess, we might as well turn the handle. I don't guess it will do any harm. See, this is the way you turn it," shows brother.

"Me twy," begs two year old Edith.

"All right, here. Oh! there is the fire bell. I wonder where the fire is. Let's go to see it," suggested brother.

"No, I want to see the fairies," declared the decided Edith.

"Hurrah! Here comes the fire truck. Why they are stopping. Maybe they thinks we are firemen," cried Jimmy.

"Hey, you two, seen anybody 'round here ringing in the alarm?" asked the big chief of the Brockton, Massachusetts, Fire Department. "Here, little one, what are you doing? Come over here."

"Want to see the fairies," said Edith still intent at her job.

Jimmy tells the big man what happened and says it was all his fault, even if his mother did tell him the story. The chief asks to hear the story. Jimmy tells him the story, to which the chief answers, "Well now, you see the fairies hire us to protect them."

"Haven't you got to go to your

fire? Maybe somebody is burning up," asks a now very serious Jimmy.

"I'm going to take you home first," replies the big chief, and lifts them high up to the seat of the fire truck and gives them a ride all the way home to the next street.

Dorothy Rokes '37

CHAT



TER

TAKE MY ADVICE

A. A. Play—April 26

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bob Mannion, editor of the *Eureka News* Rennie Richard

Jimmy Samson, whose business is waking up towns Arthur Olson

Jud Fenton, a town character who has scruples against working

Henry Camire

John Wargrim, a power in the state who controls and dominates Eureka Vincent Miller

Peggy Acton, who arrived in Eureka three months before Carolyn Currier

Virgy Mannion, Bob's snappy sister Marie Dolan

Mrs. Nelson-Dodd, a would-be social power in Eureka, and the president of the Uplift Society Elizabeth Atkinson

Marcia Wargrim, daughter of John Wargrim Elaine Eldredge

TALK ON BIRDS

An interesting illustrated lecture on birds was given at the Assembly,

March 28. Mr. R. D. Talbot of the Massachusetts Department of Bird Conservation was the speaker. He told of many birds that are now extinct because of general thoughtlessness on the part of civilized man. Mr. Talbot gave examples of birds which will soon be extinct unless the game laws are strengthened. It is hoped that those who were present will find it easier to identify birds and help Nature to protect them.

The cover design for the mid-winter issue of the *Johnson Journal* was the work of Julia Malek. The drawing was chosen as the best of those submitted by the drawing classes. The *Journal* staff regrets that that information was by mistake omitted in the last issue.

The Dramatic Club presented an amusing play entitled, "Not Quite Such a Goose." Characters were:

Albert Bell	Ralph Champion
Silvia Bell	Pat McCarthy
Hazel Henderson	Virginia Driver
Philip Flick	A. Aaronian
Mrs. Bell	E. Atkinson



ATHLETICS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Johnson High again showed its superiority in basketball by wading through this year's schedule with high success. During the past season the team engaged in fifteen encounters, and received only two setbacks, both by close margins. The boys teamed up to form a formidable quintet, capturing both the Lowell Suburban and Lawrence Suburban League Championships.

With only two of the thirteen letter-men graduating, Frank McEvoy and Vincent Miller, all indications point to next season as being a "repeater" for the team.

The complete schedule for 1934-1935:

Johnson	43	Alumni	31
Johnson	26	Chelmsford	23
Johnson	17	Acton	15
Johnson	21	Woodbury	24
Johnson	17	Howe	15
Johnson	14	Chelmsford	11
Johnson	17	Littleton	8
Johnson	13	Acton	10
Johnson	27	Dracut	7
Johnson	16	Howe	17
Johnson	30	Methuen	13
Johnson	24	Danvers	22
Johnson	40	Methuen	28
Johnson	22	Woodbury	19
Johnson	18	Littleton	17
—			
Johnson	345	Opponents	260

The basketball letter-men for 1934-35 are: Captain Vincent Miller, Captain-elect John Benson, Frank McEvoy, Gordon Andrew, James Evangelos, Bruno Kasheta, Henry Konicur, Henry Martin, George

Banker, Anthony Kapieka, William Roberts, Ernest Roberts, and Joseph Maker.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team, under the capable coaching of Miss Colburn and Miss Kelly, has had a very successful season this year. They have played thirteen games losing one. Thirteen of the girls have won letters for participating in at least three games. The summary of the last three games is as follows:

Johnson	35	Methuen	6
Johnson	31	Woodbury	15
Johnson	25	Littleton	19

The girls' basketball team carries with its successful season two honors. They are the winners of the "Little Three" and the Lowell Suburban Champions.

Letters have been awarded to the following:

- Seniors: Elizabeth McRobbie.
Juniors: Sylvia Broderick (Captain), Corinne Lewis, Hannah Goff, Allison Kirk, Mary L. Greenler, Rachel Dufton, Carolyn Currier.
Sophomores: Isabelle Phelan, Rosemary Cashman, Margaret McRobbie, Caroline Barker, Edna Cassidy, Emily Sanderson, and Dorothy McGregor.

The team elected co-captains to lead next year's team. They are Sylvia Broderick and Corinne Lewis. Next year's team promises to be a success as the team is only losing one player, Elizabeth McRobbie, who is a senior.

The Sophomore "A" team were the champions of the class games.



WISE CRACKS

Our Daily Bread Homework
Pop Goes Your Heart

Great Expectations
Flirtation Walk

Going to the library
Call of the Wild To play hookey
We Live Again Exams are over!
The Return of the Terror

Love Time Final exams

Power After the basketball games Faculty

Stranger than Fiction A in English
Dealers in Death Report Cards

Treasure Island Our memory
White Lies Unfinished homework

Taken from *The Clarion*, Westford Academy, Westford, Mass.

Cook: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"

Assistant: "I did. It was half-past ten."

Mother: "Mary, come upstairs immediately."

Daughter: “But I’m all wrapped up in my problem.”

Mother: "Tell him to go home."

Bon Marche wants girls to sew buttons on the second floor.

Wanted: A horse to do the work
of a country minister.

Wanted: A saleslady. Must be respectable until after Christmas.

Taken from *The Blue Moon*,
Chelmsford High School, Chelms-
ford, Mass.

“What class wants merely to exist, of what help to mankind is its purposeless passing, graduating simply because other classes have? A class can get by with excellent officers, but the joy of friendship and co-operation are lost. Don’t you know that united for a common goal nothing can stop you?”

Taken from *The Little Red Schoolhouse*, Athol High School, Athol, Mass.



In Memoriam

Johnson High School extends its sympathy to the family of Jean Barker for her sudden death, March 7, 1935. Journal Athletic Editor, basketball star, Dramatic Club member, Jean graduated valedictorian of her class, Johnson, '33. She was a sophomore at Jackson College. She had entered the college at the age of fifteen, had maintained honor averages for her first year and a half. She had held office in her own class for two years, as well as being a member of Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority and the Chemistry and Glee Clubs. She had "made for herself a very large place in that small college world."

Charles Donlan, 1933, is on the Dean's List at M. I. T.

George Dickey, class of 1907, is now principal of the Fairhaven High School.

Daniel Balavich, 1932, a first string pitcher at Massachusetts State, is on the Dean's List.

Helen Kelly, 1932, is popular in school affairs at Boston University School of Education.

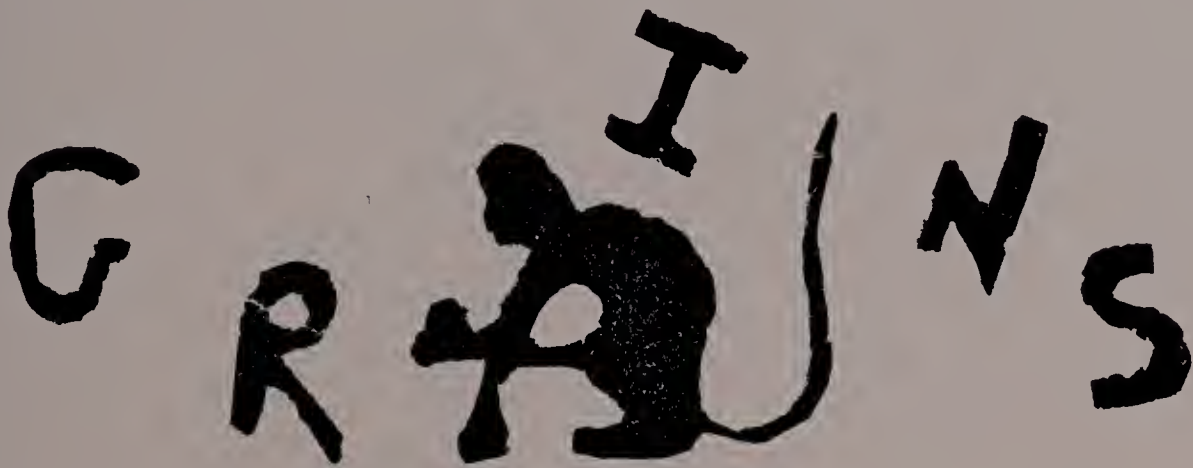
Henry Wilson, 1924, is employed by the state as an X-ray man.

Howard Mitchellmore, 1924, employed in Foxboro, is attending Northeastern University evenings.

John Osgood, 1926, and Catherine Currier are to be married in June.

George Busby, 1932, is on the Dean's List at Worcester Tech.

Robert Gagne, 1932, is on the Dean's List at Yale.



Sambo was hired on a railway gang. At the close of the first shift he was all tired out and sought the boss.

"Mister, yo' sho' you' all got my name on that payroll right?"

"Sure," said the boss. "Here's your name—Sambo Simpson. That right?"

"Yes, suh," replied Sambo. "Ah just thought you might have me down as Samson."

Miss Chapman: "If the contents of this glass should explode, I should be blown through the roof. Come closer, now, so you can follow me."

She: "Have you put the cat out, darling?"

He (sleepily): "Naw, I didn't even know it was on fire."

Miss Hatch: "Is this a study hour for you?"

La Fountain: "No, it's a spare."

Mrs. Jones: "You lazy loafer! S'pose I was took sick an' couldn't do washin's, how would you live?"

Mr. Jones: "Ah never thought of dat, honey. Ah'll hustle round tomorrow and git some health insurance on you."

"Could I interest you for a trivial monetary consideration in the purchase or acquisition of an amphibious fowl of the family anatidae, a fowl adapted by webbed pedantic extremities to aquamarine existence?"

"In other words—do you wanna buy a duck?"

Teacher: "Tomorrow we'll take up miscellaneous work. By the way, what is miscellaneous?"

Pupil: "Miscellaneous is the ruler of Italy."

Goofus: "Was you out in all that rain?"

Rufus: "No, just the part that fell around me."

Tommy was just home after his first day at school.

"Well, dear," asked his mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied Tommy, sadly, "I've got to go back tomorrow."

Sign on a music store window: " 'Kiss the Girl you Love' and many others just as good."

Willie, having gotten a gun and diary for Christmas, wrote in his diary:

"December 26. Snowin' can't go huntin'."

"December 27. Snowin' yet. Can't go huntin'."

"December 28. Still snowin'. Shot Grammaw."

"Time brings great changes," said the philosophical grocer, squinting at the scales as he removed some sugar from the sack. "For instance, only a few years ago I was a prize-fighter."

"But the past leaves its mark," said the customer. "I see you were a lightweight champion."

A schoolboy's essay went like this: "There was a man named Elisha. He lived in a cave and had some bears. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

School Visitor: "So you like your geography, do you?"

Gage: "Yes, it's the only book big enough to hide a detective story in."

Huck Andrews: "Hey, chief. Big scoop! Man bites dog!"

Ceplikas: "That's swell! Interview the dog."

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Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement, and including selected occupational courses. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment. The vocational options are in such fields as: Accounting, Advertising, Industrial Chemistry, Teaching, Factory Administration, Salesmanship, Surveying and Topography, Physical Education, Industrial Relations, Business Practice, Drafting and Technical Drawing.

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Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through modern methods including lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, professional talks by business executives, and motion pictures of manufacturing processes.

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Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, and INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING. General engineering courses are pursued during the Freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of Engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the Sophomore year.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to the students in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to form business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

The Bachelor of Science Degree is conferred upon all students who satisfactorily complete an approved course of study.

For catalog or further information write to:

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